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THE JUDGMENT of HERCULES, IMITATED From the *Greek* of PRODICUS.

ALSO, A

METRICAL PARAPHRASE ON THE Forty-third Chapter of ECCLESIASTICUS.

By the Rev. PETER LAYNG, *M. A.* Rector of *Everton*, in *Northamptonshire*.

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By the Rev. P. [illegible], M. A. Rector of Eccles,
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BRITISH MUSEUM

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JUDGMENT of HERCULES, &c.

Potiores
Herculis Ærumnas credat ſævoſque labores
Et Venere, et Gænis, et Plumâ Sardanapali. Juv.

PERPLEXT in Thought, as young *Alcides* lay,
Whether to chuſe ſoft Pleaſure's ſeeming Good,
Or Virtue's real and ſubſtantial Bliſs;
Two viſionary Nymphs, of heav'nly Form,
But diff'rent Mein, preſent themſelves to View.

The One, like Beauty's fair, and potent Queen,
With all the labour'd Elegance of Art,
Improv'd the Luſtre of each native Charm.
Stuck on her Cheek the bright Vermilion glow'd;
And down her ſnowy Neck in wavy Curls,
Her fragrant, and ambroſial Treſſes hung.
Her wanton Eye, that ſtill new Conqueſts ſought,

With

With artful Leer, and meretricious Glance,
Too eaſily enſnar'd her Lovers Hearts.

The Other, girt with military Robe,
Tall and majeſtick, like arm'd *Pallas* ſtood:
Grave was her Look, and modeſt her Attire;
And her rough, manly Grace, the Soul inſpir'd,
With pleaſing Awe, and reverential Love.

The Son of *Jove*, by diverſe Paſſions toſt,
With Eye alternate, did each Goddeſs View;
At length the Former, thus the Silence broke.

" Unbend a while, kind Youth, thy ſerious Brow;
" Nor, in the Gayety of blooming Years,
" Let Pleaſure make her humble Suit in vain.
" No more, let Precepts of lean Abſtinence,
" Which in the Schools, grave bearded Doctors teach,
" From ſweet Delights reſtrain thy boundleſs Will.
" Indulge thy Genius; and while fleeting Life
" Permits thee to enjoy its tranſient Bliſs,
" Live as thou liſt, and live to Love, and Eaſe.
" By me conducted to the Roſeate Bow'r,
" From diſtant Iſles, the faireſt Nymphs ſhall come,
" Proud of thy Smiles, and glad to wear thy Chain.
" Or if thy Soul to Muſick ſhould incline;
" The Dorick, and the Lydian Flute, ſhall ſtrive
" With ſofteſt Note, to lull thy troubl'd Breaſt.

" Muſick,

" Muſick, they ſay, can tame the brutal Race;
" And ſure the Man, whoſe unmelodious Ear
" Can without Rapture hear harmonious Sounds;
" Is fit for Treaſons, Frauds, and darkeſt Plots.
" Should Love, and Muſick, try their Pow'r in vain;
" *Bacchus*, and *Comus*, jovial Gods, ſhall bring
" Of Mirth, and Reveling, their ſportive Band.
" Wouldſt Thou, for Wars now quit theſe ſolid Joys?
" Wouldſt Thou, impell'd by popular Applauſe,
" For that Ideal, airy Phantom, *Fame*,
" Madly expoſe thy Life to various Ills?
" Reflect alas; fair Youth, how rough, how ſteep,
" How difficult the Road to Virtue lies!
" Painful's the March, and when the Height you gain,
" Nought on its Top but barren Laurels grow.
" Who then, would ſtrive the dang'rous Cliff to climb
" When in my peaceful Bowers, and flow'ry Vale,
" Gay Proſpects of eternal Bliſs ariſe,
" And various Joys, unmix't with Care, abound? "

She ended ſmiling——And the Rival Dame
Waving her Hand, in ſolemn Mood began.
" Great Son of *Jove*, aſſert thine heav'nly Birth;
" Nor yield to that fallacious *Siren*'s Voice,
" Whoſe wily Blandiſhments, and guilty Joys,
" Debaſe the Soul, and ev'n imbrute the Man.
" In a Variety of new Delights,
" Grant that the Gay, each raviſh'd Senſe employ;

" Yet ſtill, ſome Woe imbitters all their Joys,
" And Pleaſure mourns its ſad Attendant, Pain.
" From the full Banquet, and the rich Repaſt,
" How pale does riſe each pamper'd, fated Gueſt,
" Feeling a dire, inteſtine War within!
" And what, alas! are *Bacchus*'s boaſted Joys?
" At beſt but noiſy, and tumultuous Mirth,
" What Virtue loaths, and Prudence gladly ſhuns.
" When riſing Tempeſts ſhake the guilty Soul,
" Not Love's ſoft Charms, or Muſick, can relieve
" The aking Anguiſh of the wounded Heart.
" Know this, that Innocence can only give,
" The Soul's calm Sunſhine, and the Home-felt Joy;
" And in thine adverſe, or thy proſperous Hour,
" Still let this Truth be on thy Mind impreſt,
" *Virtue alone is Happineſs below.*×
" Let Pleaſure preach to Cowards Love of Eaſe;
" Through Duſt, through Blood, the Brave their Laurels gain;
" And on the Summit of a Chryſtal Rock,
" Honour aloft has plac'd the glitt'ring Prize.
" Souldſt Thou to me conſign thy youthful Days,
" War's rougheſt Toils will ſoon a Pleaſure prove,
" And the ſhrill Trump, and Heart-enliv'ning Fife,
" With ſweeteſt Harmony delight thine Ear.
" Oh! What exſtatick Bliſs will ſwell thy Soul,
" When reſcu'd Nations ſhall reſound thy Praiſe,
" And Pillars rais'd of monumental Braſs,

" To

" To future Ages ſhall record thy Fame.
" Ennobl'd by true Valour, ſhalt thou reign
" An Hero, or a Demi God on Earth.
" And when, on *Oeta*'s Top, thy mortal Frame
" Shall lie diſſolv'd, thy pure, Aetherial Part
" Triumphant ſhall regain its native Skies.

Scarce had ſhe finiſh'd, when the Godlike Youth
Claſp'd the Heroick Maid; and in his Mind
Preſum'd the future Conqueſt of the World.

A ME-

A METRICAL PARAPHRASE on the

THE chryſtal Firmament, the ſtarry Hoſt,
The Sun, when riſing with mild Majeſty,
Or when with Blaze Meridian, he conſumes
The various Products of the teeming Earth;
All, all with wond'rous Eloquence proclaim
The Glory of th' eternal Architect.
Dreadfully bright, the flaming Furnace glows,
While the pale Artiſt 'midſt his Labour pants;
But yet with ten-fold fiercer Heat the Sun
Withers the Verdure of the Mountain-tops.
Quick flaſh the fiery Vapours from his Beams,
Nor can the Eye his dazzling Ray ſuſtain,
Dim'd, and o'erpow'r'd with a Flood of Day.
Great is the Lord that fill'd his Orb with Light;
And taught him how to ſpeed his radiant Courſe.
He bad the Moon, pale Empreſs of the Night,
Point out the various Portions of the Year,
And uſher in each ſolemn Feaſt with Joy.
Whether in waning Luſtre ſhe appears,
Or ſhews again her ſilver creſcent Horns,
The Glory of th' Ætherial Plain ſhe moves.
Obſervant of the Holy One's Decrees,
Theſe ever-bright, and ever-burning Lamps,
Eternal Vigils in their Stations keep.
Lift up thine Eye to yon' bright painted Bow,
Arching the vaſt Expanſe of Heav'n; and praiſe
The plaſtick Hand, that fram'd its circling Form.

Forty-third Chapter of *ECCLESIASTICUS*.

Ver. 1. *THE Pride of the Height, the clear Firmament, the Beauty of Heav'n, with his glorious Shew;*

2. *The Sun when it appeareth, declaring at his Rising a marvellous Instrument, the Work of the most High.*

3. *At Noon it parcheth the Country, and who can abide the burning Heat thereof?*

4. *A Man blowing a Furnace is in Works of Heat, but the Sun burneth the Mountains three-times more; breathing out fiery Vapours, and sending forth bright Beams, it dimmeth the Eyes.*

5. *Great is the Lord that made it, and at his Commandment it runneth hastily.*

6. *He made the Moon also to serve in her Season, for a Declaration of Times, and a Sign of the World.*

7. *From the Moon is the Sign of Feasts, a Light that decreaseth in her Perfection.*

10. *At the Commandment of the Holy One, they will stand in their Order, and never faint in their Watches.*

11. *Look upon the Rainbow, and praise him that made it, very beautiful it is in the Brightness thereof.*

12. *It compasseth the Heaven about with a glorious Circle, and the Hands of the most High have bended it.*

13. *By*

At his Command the vengeful Lightnings fly.
And from his humid Stores the feather'd Snow,
And solid Hail in rattling Storms descend.

By Him, the South 'gins roar; and freezing North
The Lakes, and Floods, in icy Fetters binds.

Lo! like a gentle, yet consuming Fire,
The hoary Frost with penetrative Cold
Parches each tender Herb, and grassy Blade.
But soon as Mists in healing Drops descend,
Or cooling Dews their pearly Tears distill,
Nature relax'd new Vigour feels again.
The wond'rous Tale suspends our list'ning Ear,
When Sailors tell what Dangers they have past,
What various Monsters of tremendous Size
People the liquid Kingdoms, and display
The Greatness of that Power that plac'd 'em there.
Who can describe his Glory, or his Acts,
Since all the Charms of flow'ry Language fail?
Such is his great transcendent Excellence.
Too weak are human Facultys to bear
The Weight, and Splendor of so great a Theme;
Still the bright Object flys our View, and still
Imagination's utmost Stretch exceeds.
Who hath e'er seen th' Invisible to tell
His Essence? Who can laud him as he is?
'Tis but a Part we see of all his Works:
More great, more glorious Miracles, than these,
May lie far off conceal'd from human Sight.
All Things were made by his creative Pow'r;
And by his Grace, the good and virtuous Man
The precious Gift of heav'nly Wisdom feels.

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13. *By his Commandment he maketh the Snow to fall apace, and ſendeth ſwiftly the Lightnings of his Judgment.*

14. *Through this the Treaſures are open'd, and Clouds fly forth as Fowls.*

15. *By his great Pow'r he maketh the Clouds firm, and the Hailſtones are broken ſmall.*

16. *At his Will the South-Wind bloweth.*

20. *When the cold North-Wind bloweth, and the Water is congeal'd into Ice, it abideth upon every gathering together of the Water, and cloatheth the Water as with a Breaſtplate.*

19. *The Hoar-Froſt alſo as Salt he poureth on the Earth, and being congeal'd it lieth on the Top of Sheepſtakes.*

21. *It devoureth the Mountains, and burneth the Wilderneſs, and conſumeth the Graſs like Fire.*

22. *A preſent Remedy of all is a Miſt coming ſpeedily, a Dew coming after Heat refreſheth it.*

24. *They that ſail on the Sea tell of the Danger thereof; and when we hear it with our Ears, we marvel thereat.*

25. *For therein be ſtrange and wondrous Works, Variety of all Kinds of Beaſts, and Whales created.*

28. *How ſhall we be able to magnify him?*

27. *We may ſpeak much and yet come ſhort:*

30. *When you glorify the Lord, exalt him as much as you can; for even yet he will far exceed; and when you exalt him, put forth all your Strength, and be not weary; for you can never go far enough.*

31. *Who hath ſeen him that he might tell us? and who can magnify him as he is?*

32. *There are yet hid greater Things than theſe be, for we have ſeen but few of his Works.*

33. *For the Lord hath made all Things, and to the Godly hath he given Wiſdom.*

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